Dear Richard, 11/7/93

You have for many years been a good and cherished friend, the kind of friend who need not be asked for help but when he sees the need for it offers it on his own. That is the best kind of friend and I've loved you for it. So I am deeply troubled that when you see me having my title by which my work is known stolen from me you are silent. I can recognize what can be complications for you. We all live with them. But the fact is that I have no agreement with C & G. My agreement is with you. They agreed to a detail they are violating with incredible crudity and total dishonesty. And that not for the first time, either. They agreed to be honest after the first time.

You are the kind of friend to whom I returned the advance when I was told the book was not going to be published. The kind of friend I did not even ask to see anything before that was published because it was your son's project. The kind of friend I told that from him I need no contract.

The friend of such implicit trust.

This, too, has troubled and prevented my sleep while what they are doing has.

I did wonder about your long silence and when I recognized that it could not all be attributed to being that busy I respected it and was silent myself. I do not pretend to understand the reason and I'm not now trying to. Instinctively I attributed it to the Livingstone sickness, and I mean sickness in the most inclusive sense.

I wondered briefly when you had not sent me a copy of it but when he told a friend it was on the trucks I did not go looking for a copy. I did after a different friend sent me xeroxes of pages referring to me. I am doing what I repeatedly told Carroll I do not want to do but would be compelled to do. I've not read that much but I do not believe you or they can appreciate what can be done, including to them, based on it. It is, I think, one of the most despicable things I have seen published and it reeks of the sickness that could not have been secret. Stupid and dishonest as even I did not believe it could or would be. And it does make me a party to the assassination. But nobody has asked me about it yet. So, I've said nothing to anybody about it, either. I do not want to waste any of the time that remains to me that way if I have any alternative. And that is something I do not control. It is, without any question at all, the most shameful and shameless thing I can recall.

This business of the thievery will be very hurtful to us, as I've indicated before without knowing it would happen and not expecting it to.

I am very surprised and disappointed that you permit it.

When I do not get the assurances I do not expect I'll be writing them tomorrow, certified return receipt, and I'll enclose a copy.

Regretfully,

Harold